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13
THE COBLER'S
PROPHECY

1594

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS

1914

This reprint of the *Cobler's Prophecy* has been prepared
by A. C. Wood with the assistance of the General
Editor.

Dec. 1914.

W. W. Greg.

M27
V.44
159.2
The Registers of the Stationers' Company contain the following entry :

viiij^o Iunij [1594]

Entred for his copie vnder thandes of master warden Cawood / Cuthbert
a book intituled / the Coblers prophesie vjd C / Burbey

[Arber's Transcript, II. 653.]

The quarto, which appeared dated the same year, was printed for Burby by John Danter and bore on the title-page the words, 'Written by Robert Wilson. Gent.' It is printed in type approximating in body to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). There are copies in the British Museum (wanting sig. E), the Bodleian Library, the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and the Dyce collection. Only the British Museum and Pepysian copies have the preliminary leaf (A 1), and only the Dyce copy has the blank leaf at the end (G 4). The British Museum, Bodleian, and Dyce copies have been used in the preparation of this reprint.

Of Robert Wilson very little is known. There seems to have been more than one person of the name connected with the stage. A Robert Wilson, who gained a great reputation as a comic actor, was an original member of the Earl of Leicester's company in 1574 and of the Queen's in 1583. A Robert Wilson also appears repeatedly in Henslowe's Diary as writing for the Lord Admiral's company from 1598 to 1600. The latter is probably the Wilson who is mentioned by Meres in 1598 as among the best poets for comedy, for his name appears in close conjunction with others who wrote for Henslowe. This Wilson can hardly be the same as the actor,

since, in his *Apology for Actors*, printed in 1612, Thomas Heywood, whose connexion with the stage began at latest in 1596, mentions Wilson among the older generation of actors who flourished before his time. It is disputed which of the two was the 'Robert Wilson, yoman (a player)' buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, on 20 November 1600, but there seems to be no evidence that the second was an actor as well as an author.

It is of course the elder Wilson to whom the ascription on the title-page of the present play must be taken to apply, since the style of the composition is certainly that of an earlier period. The only surviving work in which Henslowe's writer had a hand, *Sir John Oldcastle*, is of a much more modern type. It must also be the elder Wilson who is mentioned by Lodge in his *Defence of Poetry, Musick and Stage Plays*, published in 1580, as the author of a play on Catiline's Conspiracy, 'a peece surely worthy prayse, the practice of a good scholler,' but now lost.

Thanks are due to Mr. Gaselee, the Pepysian Librarian, for information concerning the copy in his keeping.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL AND IRREGULAR READINGS.

10 Plenties rich] <i>so Dyce:</i>	400 mee?
Plentie srich <i>B.M.,</i>	446 allthat
<i>Bodl.</i>	463 <i>Mil:</i>
11 sheaues.	486 I war-(rant)] <i>Iw ar-B.M.:</i>
40 th'effectuall	<i>Iwar- Bodl., Dyce.</i>
65 condemnatiō	502 certaine
69-70] <i>not indented</i>	506 Mocs
69 z:	513 <i>Eicho:</i>
faterday	548 Ladies why] <i>there is a</i>
71 thou. (<i>substitute for</i>	<i>considerable space be-</i>
whore.?)	<i>tween these words in</i>
72 out	<i>the original</i>
86 And] <i>possibly A nd</i>	558 <i>Cleo:</i>
110 keepe,	I,
120 <i>Mar:</i>	562 C odri,
124 c.w. <i>Raph.] so Bodl.,</i>	570 <i>Cleo:</i>
<i>Dyce: R pb. B.M.</i>	595 rrim,
125 Prophet speaker?] <i>possi-</i>	599 first
<i>bly Prophet speaker?</i>	619 finke,
128 odds.] <i>so Bodl.: Gods.</i>	622 c.w. VVhy
<i>B.M., Dyce.</i>	644 <i>voice:</i>
157 <i>thon</i>	649] <i>indented</i>
158 pace] <i>read place and cf. l.</i>	653, 656 Ch:
950	659 andscornd,
194 prophetation,	662 <i>voices,</i>
217 exelence.	675 awhole
231 <i>Soul:] read Cont: and cf.</i>	688 fomuch
<i>l. 230 c.w.</i>	766 noth ing
250 Prophefie.] <i>a space before</i>	780-1] <i>indented</i>
<i>the point, possibly read</i>	806 woondrous
<i>Prophefies.</i>	816 fit.
251 iudgemeets	827 Munnerie?
301 tasks <i>ie tasks</i>	831 Hufbandmands,
309] <i>indented</i>	840 prouide] <i>read prouided</i>
<i>before] possibly b efore</i>	844 prouided] <i>read prouide</i>
375 exelent:	846 come,
377 isscarfe	849 th
378 afat	859 behod.
384 <i>Countr:] possibly read</i>	866 hap
<i>Cour: and cf. l. 385</i>	870 fee,
398 Little] <i>first t doubtful</i>	873 Sat

- 879] *not indented*
 897 the mercie] *possibly*
 themercie
 905 inough:
 907 right,
 918 Boetia,
 923 fake.] *possibly fake,*
 926 Rabb:
 929 my in
 warrant?
 949 thou
 960 hangrie
 969 fouldiet.
 970 c.w. VVhy
 976 Loue,
 983 vnkinde,
 989-90] *indented*
 1010 loue
 1025 Fife.] *possibly Fife,*
 1063 lighnes,
 1069 Contempt.
 1073 Cobler,
 1088] *not indented*
 1126 Exit
 1127 Enter
 1130 estate.
 1151 noble
 1171 trecherie,
 1205 hoth
 1216 Boetia,
 1224 chaplin,
 1240 exilde,
 c.w. And] *no doubt a line*
 is omitted
 1241 Ay me] *possibly Ayme*
 1260 godmothers.] *s doubtful*
 1261 Oodfather
 1263 Boetia
 1268 Mar:] *read Mer:*
 1280 hatch] *possibly h atch*
 1301] *indented*
 1306 Eueunt.
 1307 Schollcr,
 1331] *not indented*
 wife
 1334-5] *stage directions in roman*
 type
 1338 Du;
 1368 not] *a mark after this word*
 (clearest in Bodl.) is
 probably accidental as
 it seems to be outside
 the measure
 1373 Boetia,
 1384 fpeed,
 1395 Boetia
 1402 Boetias
 1403 Sat;
 1422 ye minde,] *read ye to*
 minde,?
 1443 c.w. Bu
 1447 alife
 1449] *in roman type*
 1469 Sat;
 1480 uumber.
 1485 Sound drums,] *in roman*
 type
 1488 Cont;
 1500] *in roman type*
 1510] *no c.w.*
 1529 abiects
 1536 Spitting] *first t doubtful*
 1538 abhord,
 1598 Boetia
 1617 Afresh] *possibly A fresh*
 1621, 1626 Boetia.
 1634 Boetian
 sig. F 2 *misprinted I 2*
 sigs. F 2 and F 3, *running title*
 Coblers

As a rule there is a colon after speakers' names, whether these are abbreviated or not, but this is very frequently omitted in the case of *Raph*. Where a semi-colon has been substituted for the

colon it is noted in the above list. A full stop sometimes appears in place of a query-mark at the end of interrogative sentences. A lower case 'w' is often found at the beginning of verse lines and even of speeches. In the running title the spellings *Propheſie* and *Prophecie* appear promiscuously.

The only certain instance of variation between copies is that in l. 128, where the Bodleian copy offers the corrected text. The instances in ll. 10, 124 c.w., 486 may all be due to imperfect locking of the type. Note that the initials in the ornament on A 3 recto have not printed properly in the British Museum copy, from which the collotype plates have been made. The block used in the reprint is from the Bodleian copy, which agrees in this detail with that in the Dyce collection. No initials appear in the similar ornament on the title-page.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

CERES.		CODRUS.
MERCURY.		a Porter of Mars'.
RAPH COBLER.		a Herald.
ZELOTA, his wife.		VENUS.
SATEROS, a soldier.		MARS.
CONTEMPT, alias Content.		FOLLY.
a Country Gentleman.		NEWFANGLE.
a Scholar.		a Duke.
EMNIUS, a courtier.		RU } waiting maids to Venus.
THALIA	} three Muses.	INA }
CLIO		a Messenger to the Duke.
MELPOMINE		a Prisoner.
CHARON.		a Priest.

Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, Bacchus, Vulcan, Diana, Niceness, Dalience, Jealousy, the infant Ruina, and the Duke's daughter.

N.B.—In l. 1362 and subsequently Emnius is called Ennius.



THE COBLERS Prophesie.

Written by Robert Wilson. Gen.



Printed at London by Iohn Danter for Cuthbert
Burbie: and are to be sold at his shop nere
the Royall-Exchange.

1594.



THE COBLERS Prophesie.

*Enter Iupiter and Iuno, Mars and Venus, Apollo, after
him, Bacchus, Vulcan limping, and after all Diana winged
her hands: they passe by, while on the stage Mercurie from one
and Ceres from another meete.*

C E R E S.

Fresh Mayas sonne, fine wicrafts greatest God,
Herrald of heauen, soule charming Mercurie:
Tell, for thou wilt, why these celestiall powers
Are thus assembled in Boeotia.

Mercurie: Plentie rich Queene, cheerer of fainting soules,
V whose Altars are adorne with ripend sheaves,
Know that securitie chiefe nurse of sinne,
Hath bred contempt in all Boeotia.
The old are scorned of the wanton yong,
Vnhallowed hands, and harts impurer farre,
Rend downe the Altars sacred to the Gods.

A 3

Heauens



A





THE COBLERS Propheſie.

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C E R E S.

Fresh Mayas sonne, fine witcrafts greatest God,
Herrald of heauen, foule charming Mercurie:
Tell, for thou witst, why these celestiall powers
Are thus affembled in Bæotia.

Mercurie: Plenties rich Queene, cheerer of fainting souls, 10
VVhose Altars are adornde with ripend sheaues.
Know that securitie chiefe nurse of sinne,
Hath bred contempt in all Bæotia.
The old are scorned of the wanton yong,
Vnhallowed hands, and harts impurer farre,
Rend downe the Altars sacred to the Gods.

A 3

Heauen

The Coblers Propheſie.

Heauen is long ſuffring, and eternall Powers
Are full of pitie to peruerſeſt men :
which made the awful Ruler of the reſt,
Summon this meeting of the heavenly States :
The firſt was Iupiter, Iuno with him,
Next Mars and Venus, him I know you knew not,
His Harneſſe is conuerted to ſoft filke,
His warres are onely wantonings with her,
That ſcandalizeth heauen and heapes worlds hate,
Apollo next, then Bacchus belly-God,
And horned Vulcan forger of heauens fire,
The laſt poore Cynthia making woful mone,
That ſhe is left ſweet virgin poſt alone.
I am but meſſenger, and muſt not denounce
Til the high ſenate of the Gods decree it,
But ſacred Ceres, if I may diuine,
In heauen ſhall Venus vaunt but little time.

20

30

Ceres: So pleaſde it mighty Ioue the doome were iuſt,
Amongſt that holy traine what needs there luſt.

Mercurie: I ſee a ſort of wondring gazing eyes,
That doo await the end of this conceit,
whom Mercurie with wauiug of his rod,
And holy ſpels iniouines to ſit and ſee,
th'effectuall working of a Propheſie.

40

Ceres: And Ceres ſheds her ſweeteſt ſwetes in plentie,

Caſt Comfets.

That while ye ſtay their pleaſure may content ye.
Now doo I leaue thee Mercury, and will in to take my place,
Doo what thou canſt in wanton luſts diſgrace.

Mercurie: Ceres I will, and now I am alone
will I aduiſe me of a meſſenger

That will not faint : will not ſaid I ?

Nay ſhall not faint ſent forth by Mercurie.

I am reſolud, the next I meete with be it he or ſhe,
To doo this meſſage ſhall be ſent by me.

50

*Enter Raph Cobler with his ſtoole, his implements and ſhooes,
and*

The Coblers Prophecie.

and sitting on his stoole, falls to sing,

Hey downe downe a downe a downe,

hey downe downe a downe a,

Our beauty is the brauest Lasse in all the towne a:

For beauties sweete sake, I sleepe when I should wake,

hee is so nut browne a.

Her cheekes so red as a cherrie, do make my hart full merry,

So that I cannot choose in cobling of my shooes, 60

but sing hey derrie derrie downe derrie.

Zelota his wife within. (your fashion.

Zelota: Go too Raph youle still be singing loue songs its

Raph: Content your selfe wife, tis my own recantation,
No loue song neither, but a carrol in beauties condemnatiō

Ze: well year best leaue singing and fall to work by & by
while I to buy meat for our dinner to market doo hie. (way.

R: And you were best leaue your scolding to, & get you a-

z: And I come to you Raph, Ile course ye as I did a saterday

R: Course me snowns, I would thou durst come out of dore, 70

And thou dost Ile knock thee on the head thou arrant thou.

was not this lustily spoken? I warrant she dare not come out

Enter Zelota.

Ze: Ile see what yeele doo, where are yee goodman Lout?

He creepes vnder the stoole.

Ra: O no bodie tell her that I am vnder the stoole.

Ze: wheres this prating Affe, this dizzardly foole.

Mer: why here I am Dame, lets see what thou canst say,
Bestirre your Distaffe, doo the worst ye may.

Ze: Alas that euer I was borne to see this sight, 80
My Raph is transformed to a wicked spright.

Ra: Shee lies yfaith, I am here vnder the stoole.

Mer: Let me alone Raph, hold thy peace thou foole.
I am a sprite indeede, a fiend which will pursue thee still,
Vntill I take a full reuenge of all thy proffered ill.
And for thy former dealings to thy husband hath bin bad,
I charme thee and inchaunt thee queane,
Thou henceforth shalt be mad:

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And neuer shall thy foolish braine cut off this franticke fit,
Till with thy hand vnwillinglie thou murder doe commit. 90

He charmes her with his rod.

Rap: Nay she is mad enough already,
For she will doe nothing with me but fight,
And ye make hir more mad, shele kill me out right.

Zel: Make me mad Raph, no faith Raph,
Though thou be a diuell and a spright,
Nere toll the bell, Ile not be goffippe,
The childe shall not be christned to night.
Goe to the back-house for the boy,
Bid the tankerd bring the conduit home.
Ile buy no plumme porredge,
Ile not be made such a mome.
And because thou hast a fine rod Raph,
Ile looke in thy purse by and by:
And if thou haue any money in it,
wele drinke the Diuell dry, Diuell dry, &c.

100

*Here she runnes about the stage snatching at euerie thing
shee sees.*

Raph: Out of doubt she is mad indeed,
See what a coyle she doth keepe,

110

Mer. Raph she shall trouble none of vs, Ile charme her
fast a sleepe.

Zel: Come Raph, lets goe sleepe, for thou must mend
Queene Guiniuers shooes to morrow.
I haue a pillowe of my owne, Ile neither begge nor borrow.

Exit.

Mer. So sleepe thy fill, now Raph come forth to mee.

Raph: Come forth quoth he marrie God bleffe vs.
Now you haue made my wife mad what shal become of me?

Mar: Feare not come forth, I meane no hurt to thee. 120

Rap: VVell Ile trust you for once, what say yee. (bed

Mer: Raph hie thee home, & thou shalt finde vpon thy
Attire that for a prophets sute shal stand thee in good stead
A prophet thou must be and leaue thy worke a while.

Raph.

The Coblers Prophecie.

Raph A Prophet speaker? Ha, ha, ha, heres a coyle.
What are you, I pray?

Mer: I am Mercurie the Messenger of the Gods.

Raph And I am Raph Cobar, twixt vs there is some odds.
But heare ye God Markedy, haue you retoritie
To take a free man of his companie, 130
And hinder him to be your Prophet speaker,
And when ye set him a worke giue him nothing for his labor.

Mer: I must charme him asleepe, or he will still be prating.
He please thee well, I pre thee Raph sit downe.

Raph Now I am set, would I had a pot of ale.

Mer: We will haue twaine, but first attend my tale.

He charmes him with his rod asleepe.

Not farre hence standeth Mars his Court,
to whom thus see thou say,

*Mars though thou be a Cocke of the game,
that wontst to croe by day,*

140

*And with thy sharpned spurres
the crauen Cockes didst kill and slay:
Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,
and make thy fethers gay:*

*A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
shall flilie thee betray,
And tread thy Hen, and for a time
shall carrie her away.*

*And she by him shall hatch a Chicke,
this Countrey to decay.*

150

*And for this pretie Pullets name
thou shalt the better learne:
When thou shalt onelie letters fiae
within one name discerne,*

*Three vowels and two consonants,
vvhich vowels if thou scan,
Doth sound that vvhich to euerie pace
conducteth euerie man.*

B

Then

The Coblers Prophecie.

Then call to minde this Prophecie,

for thats the bastards name:

*Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
and win thy wonted fame.*

Now Raph awake, for I haue done
the taske for which I came.

Exit.

Raph stretches himselfe, and wakes.

Raph Heigh ho, wake quoth you, I thinke tis time,
for I haue slept soundly :

And me thought in my sleep this was God Markedy,
that had chaunted my wife mad for good cause why.

About me thought I saw God Shebiter,
that marlously did frowne,

VVith a dart of fier in his hand
readie to throw it downe.

Below me thought there were false knaues
walking like honest men verie craftely :

And few or none could be plainly seene
to thriue in the world by honestie.

Me thought I saw one that was wondrous fat,
Picke two mens purses while they were struuing for a gnat.

And some that dwelt in streetes were large and faire,
Kept backe shops to vtter their baddest ware.

VVhat meddle I with trades? Men masters and maids,
Yea and wiues too and all are too too bad,

Be iudgd by my wife, that was neuer well till she ran mad.

But O the Baker, how he plaid false with the ballance,
And ran away from the takers tallants.

The Bruer was as bad, the Butcher as ill,

For its their tricke to blow vp leane meate with a quill.

And with the stroke a Butcher gaue an oxe
that lowd bellowing did make,

I lost fight of all the other trickes,
and so sodainly did wake.

But now must Raph trudge about his prophe tation,
Faith ye shall heare me troll it out after my fashion.

*Exit.
Enter*

160

170

180

190

The Coblers Prophecie.

*Enter Sateros a souldier, and Contempt naming
himselfe Content.*

Sc. ii

Sat: Thus haue I serued in my Princes warres,
Against the Persian and the Asian Powers:
The cole-blacke Moore that reuels in the Straights
Haue I repelled with my losse of blood.

200

My scarres are witnes of my hard escapes:
My wrinckles in my face (made old by care,
VVhen yet my yeres are in their chiefeft prime)
Are glasse of my grieffe, lights of my languor,
That liue disgracde, and haue deserued honor.

Cont: I am the admiredst in Bœotia,
By honoring me thou shalt obtaine preferment.

Sat: Vnto the Gods and Prince doo souldiers honor,
And wert thou one of these, I would adore thee.

210

Cont: I am of power more than all the Gods
To fit and rule the harts of all degrees.
They haue in me content, as thou shalt see
A present instance in these entring men.

*Enter Emnius a Courtier, with him a Scholler, and
a Countrey Gentleman.*

Contr: Haile to Contents diuineft exelence.

Schol: Content our sweetest good, we doo salute thee.

Cour: Though last I am not least in duteous kindnes
To thee Content although thou be no God,
Yet greater in account than all of them.

220

Schol: But if ye knew his name wer *Olygoros*, which signifieth
Contempt, you would not mistake him, and name him Content.

Cont: O Mas scholler be patient, for though you like not my
name, you loue my nature: and therefore Gentlemen forward
with the discourse intended at our last meeting: and in that con-
ference this Gentleman a souldier, I presume will make one.

Cour: Being a foldier, his companie is fit for anie honest gen-
tleman, and therefore welcome into our companie.

Sat: I thanke you fir.

230

B 2

Cont:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: Though the Courtier speake him faire, in hart I knowe he difdaines him for his bace apparell: wherein he obserues one principle of my law. Welcome him Scholler.

Schol: To me a Souldier is a welcome man.

Soul: I kindly thanke you sir.

Enter Raph.

Raph Sir: what sir, or what stir haue we here? VVhy ye proud Pagans and Panem nostrums, thinke ye no better of a Prophet than ye would of a Pedlar: and make ye no more account of me than ye doo of a Cobler.

Cont: As thou art.

240

Raph As I am? No ye little goosecap God, knowe that God Markedie made me a Prophet, and sent me of a message to the blundring God of the thundring warre, to Mars, to Maua aua aua ars: twill come nere your nose little God I can tell ye.

Cont: Well hold thy peace of that, and let vs hear these Gentlemen dispute.

Raph VVill they spout? whereon?

Cont: He of the Court, the other of the Countrey, this of Bookes, that of Battels.

Raph And I of Prophecie.

250

Cont: No, thou and I will sit still, and giue our iudgemeets of this controuerfie.

Raph VVell content, but Ile speake my minde when I list, thats flat.

Cont: Sit downe then, Gentlemen when you please begin.

Emn: First I am a Courtier, daily in my Princes eye: which one good of it selfe alone is able to make my Estate aboue all other happy. By it I get wealth, fauor, credit, countenance: on me attend suters, praying, paying, and promising more, than either sometimes they are able to performe, or I at most times ex- 260
pect.

Raph Thats true, for I was a suter three yere vnto ye for mending your pantables, and I was promist more than I could euer get, or did euer looke for.

Emn: At the entertainment of strangers, who but the Courtier is in braue account? or to the heavenly fellowship of diuine-
est

The Coblers Prophecie.

est beautie, and sweete confort of louely Ladies, who but the Courtier is called? while the Scholler sits all day inuenting syllogismes, the Countrey Gentleman plodding among poore hinds, and this bare fouldier here carrowling among his prating companions. 270

Soul: Why a fouldier of desert (as with no other doo I confort) can be no lesse than a Gentleman, and some Courtiers are scarce so much. Desert I denie not is oft preferd, but oftner flatterie. Because I am homely clad, you hold me dishonorable: but in this plaine sute haue I been, where you dare not with all your filkes.

Emm: VVhy I haue been where thou dardest not come.

Soul: I thats in the Mercers booke, where I will not come.

Raph A word with ye Mas fouldier.

280

Soul: Now fir.

Raph Tis cause the Mercer will not trust ye: for he knowes his booke is as good as a sconce for ye, youle neuer out till you bee torne or fired out.

Soul: How ere despised, yet am I a Gentleman, and in the conflict of Arbaces Generall of Persia at Marathon, I rescued the colours of Bæotia. I haue had hony words and some reward, too little to bestow among my maimed fouldiers. Souldiers obserue lawes, therein appears their iustice, at least equalling the scholler: bring Princes to thraldom, then triumphing ouer courtiers: are liberall to giue, wherein for the most they excell the Countrey Gentleman. In briefe, they are the swords of heauen to punish: the salue of heauen to pitie. Of whose number being not the meanest, I thinke my selfe nothing inferiour to anie of these Gentlemen. 290

Raph But thou hast made manie a Cocke a cuckold by stealing away his Hen.

Countr: Nay my life excelleth all, I in the Countrey liue a King, my Tenaunts (as vassailles) are at my will commaunded: fearfuller I know they are to displease mee, than diuers of you Courtiers to offend the Duke. Come there anie taskes to be leuiued, I tuch not mine owne store, for on them I take it: and I 300

The Coblers Propheſie.

may ſay to you with ſome ſurpluſage: my wood they bring
me home, my hay and corne in harueſt: their cattell, ſeruants,
ſonnes, and ſelues, are at my commaund.

Schol: O iure, quaque iniuria.

Raph Nay and you ſpeake Latin, reach me my laſte.
Harke ye mas Scholler, harke ye.

The time ſhall come not long before the doome,
That in deſpite of Roome,
Latin ſhall lacke,

310

And Greeke ſhall beg with a wallet at his backe.

For all are not ſober that goes in blacke.

Goe too ſcholler, theres a learning for your knacke.

Contr: At my liſt can I rack their rents, ſet them to fines, bind
them to forfeits, force them to what I pleaſe. If I build, they bee
my labourers: if bargaine, on them I build: and for my good
looke they are content to endure any trauell.

Raph But for all this ill and wrong,
Marke the Coblers ſong.

320

The hie hill and the deepe ditch,

VVhich ye digd to make your ſelues rich,

The chimnies ſo manie, and almes not anie,

The widowes wofull cries,

And babes in ſtreete that lies,

The bitter ſweate and paine

That tenants poore ſuſtaine,

Will turne to your bane I tell ye plaine,

When burning fire ſhall raine,

And fill with botch and blaine

330

The ſinew and each vaine.

Then theſe poore that crie,

Being liſted vp on hie,

VVhen you are all forlorne,

Shall laugh you lowd to ſcorne.

Then where will be the ſchollers allegories,

VVhere the Lawier with his dilatories,

VVhere the Courtier with his brauerie,

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And the money monging mate with all his knauerie.
Bethinke me can I no where els,
But in hell where Diues dwels.

340

But I fee ye care not yet,
And thinke these words for me vnfit,
And geffe I speake for lacke of wit:
Stand aside, stand aside, for I am disposed to spit.

Cont: Be quiet Cobler, lets heare the Scholler speake.

Raph I giue him retoritie: to it.

Schol: VVhat the Courtier dreamingly possesse, the Countrey Gentleman with curses, and the Souldiour with cares: I quietly enioy without controll. In my studie I contemplate 350
what can be done in batels, & with my pen hurt more than thousands doo with pikes, I strike him that sees me not.

Raph I thought you were a proper man of your hands to come behinde one.

Schol: I see the height of heauen.

Raph But thou makest no hast thither.

Schol: I view the depth of hell.

Raph Is there anie roome in hell for curst wiues and Coblers shops.

Scholler: Content is my Landlorde, peace and quiet are my 360
companions, I am not with the Courtier bound to daunce attendance; nor with the Countriman binde I others to attende on mee. I possesse pleasure more than mortall, and my contemplation is onely of the life immortall.

Courtier: But you would bee glad to creepe in credit in the Court Scholler, and not be curious of the meanes, for all your coynesse.

Scholl: I will not acquaint you sir with my intent, for they are fooles that in secret affaires are too familiar, know this, that I intend to awaite occasion.

370

Soldier: Faith Master Scholler yet it stands not with your protestation.

Countrie Gentleman: Nor with you Soldier to be thus blunt after your rude fashion.

Soldier:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: Alas fir, you must needes be exelent: for Piers & Plaine your poore tenants pray for ye: their bread and cheefe is seldom denied to anie, when your small beere is scarce common to manie. You know what will be made of a fat ox as well as the Gra-fier, of the tallowe as well as the Butcher, of a tod of wooll as well as the Stapler.

Countr: VVhat hath any man to doe what I doe with mine owne?

S. I alls thine owne that comes in thy hands.

Countr: Sir you would make enough of it in yours to.

Soul: I master Courtier, thats to deale as you doe.

Schol: This souldier is as rough as if he were in the field.

Soul: VVhere you would be as tame.

Cont: Has a proud hart though a beggers habit.

Soul: VVhere I frequent this habit serues my turne: and as goodly a fight were it to see you there in your filkes, as the schol-
ler skirmishing in his long gown, or the countrey Gentleman ri-
ding on a fat Ox with a mole spade on his necke.

Raph VVhat, riding running, brauing, bralling,
I see ye passe not for a Prophets calling:
Therefore I will not bee so mad,
To cast Pearles to swine so bad.

Cont: Prethee Raph stay a little.

Raph: Little little seeing God, I shall see you in a spittle. *Ex.*

Con: Your disputation being done Gentlemen, which hath highly contented mee? what will ye now doo?

Emm: Marry we will all to the eightene pence Ordinary, how say ye Gentlemen?

Countr: No fir, not I, tis too deere by my faith.

Schol: VVhy you shall be my guest for this once. How saye you master souldier?

Soul: No fir I must turne one of your meales into three.
And euerie one a sufficient banquet for me.

Cour: Faith and you had kept your newes vntill now, yee should haue bin my guest, for your talke would haue serud well for the table.

Soul:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: Thats a practife of thine owne arte: it makes thy companie borne withall, where otherwife thou wert no fit guesst, for tales at some tables are as good as testerns.

Cour: Nay then I perceiue yee grow chollericke, come firs.

They proffer to goe in.

Cont. VVhy Gentlemen, no farewell to your little God.

All three: Suffice it without vaine Ceremonies we shew our selues dutifull.

Con: 'Tis enough, fare yee well.

Exeunt Courtier, Scholler, Countrie.

420

Contempt: Now souldier, what wilt thou doe?

Sould: Faith fir as I may.

Cont: VVilt thou serue me, and doe as I will thee, and thou shalt not want.

Sould: No: for if thy name be Contempt as the Scholler said, I abhorre and defie thee.

Con: Euen as the child doth wormefeed hid in Raifons, which of itselfe he cannot brooke: so thou canst not abide my name, but louest my nature: for prooffe, wanting liuing raylst on the City, greeust at the country, yea grudgest at the King himselfe: 430
thou saist thou art going to thy Patron Mars with a suplication for bettring thy estate, and how, by war: wher how many rapes, wrongs and murders are committed, thy selfe be iudge, all which thou esteemest not off, so thy owne want be supplied.

Sould: Contempt herein thou reasonest like thy selfe,

Bafe minded men I know there are in field,
That doe delight in murder, rape and blood,
As there are tares in corne and weeds with flowers,
And enuious snakes among the fleeting fish:
But for the noble souldier, he is iust

440

To punnish wrongs, protect the innocent,
VVeaken the tyrant, and confirme the right,
VVant cannot make him basely mutinous,
VVealth cannot make him proudly insolent,
In honourable thoughts dwell his content,
And he is foe to allthat loue contempt.

C

Cont:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Contempt: Then Sateros thou art no mate for mee. *Exit.*

Souldier: No, Vpstart scorners are fit slaues for thee. *Exit.*

Enter Clio, Melpomine, and *Thalia*: Clio with a penknife, *Sc. iii*
Melpomine being idle, *Thalia* writing.

Thalia: Clio a pen. 451

Clio: Both pen and quill I misse.

Thalia: One Eltridge penne yet in my penner is,
Quickly take that and make a pen for me.

Melpomine: The feathers of a gluttonous bird shew what the wearers be.

Thalia: Melpomine lend me a pen.

Melpom: Mine pierce too hard for your writing.

Enter *Raph* *Cobler.*

Thalia: Quickly a pen, ha, ha, fond foolish men. 460

Raph: Foole? no foole neither though none of the wifest Dame,
But a Prophet one of Merlins kinde I am.

Mil: Art thou a Prophet, whats thy name?

Raph: Raph Cob.

Clio: ler, speake out.

Raph: Ye ha it yfaith.

Thal: A pen a pen in hast,
That I may write this Pageant ere it be past.

Raph: Comes there a Pageant by, Ile stand out of the greene mens way for burning my vestment. 470

Thal: A pen good Clio, fie how ye make me stay.

Clio: Make shift a while you shall haue this straight way.

Raph: If I had a pen as I haue none,
For I vse no such toole,

Thou shouldst haue none an it,

For at my first comming thou caldst me foole.

Tha: A pen a pen, it will be gone incontinent.

Clio: Hold theres thy pen.

Raph:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Raph: But are you the Gods of the Scriueners, that you
make pens so fast trow we. 480

Enter souldier.

Clio: O sisters shift we are betraid,
Another man I see.

Souldier: A filly man at your commaund,
Be not afraid of me.

Raph: No, no, tis the souldier, heele doo yee no hurt I war-
rant yee.

Melpom: To see a man come in this place,
It is so strange to vs,
As we are to be held excusde, 490
That are amazed thus.
But art thou a souldier?

Sould: Yea Lady.

Mel: The better welcome vnto me.

Tha: Not so to me.

Raph: And what am I?

Tha: Be whist a while, Ile tell thee by and by.

Raph: Thats some mends yet for calling of me foole.

Sould: Thanks Ladies for your curtesies, but the sight of three
such Goddeffes on the sodaine, hath driuen mee into certaine 500
muses.

Eccho: certaine muses.

Soul: Especially being alone so sollitarie in this wood.

Eccho: In this wood.

Raph: Harke souldier some body mocks thee.

Eccho: Mocs thee.

Raph: Mocks me much.

Eccho: Much.

Soul: Hold thy peace good Raph.

Eccho: Good Raph. 510

Raph: Raph, thats my name indeede,
But how shall I call thee?

Eicbo: I call thee.

Raph: Dost thou: Mas and Ile come to thee, and

The Coblers Prophecie.

I knew where thou art.

Eccho: Thou art.

Raph: Art : faith and thou be as pretty a wench as any of these three, my mad wife shall neuer know that I play a mad part.

Eccho: Part.

Raph: Part : Ile come.

Eccho: Come.

Raph: Faith and I will, haue at thee.

Exit.

Mel: Thus are we well rid of one that would haue troubled our talke : and this artificiall eccho, hath told thee what we are : certaine muses dwelling in this wood, in number twice so many more as we be here.

Sould: Your names good Ladies ?

Melp: Mine Melpomine, hirs Clio, this that writes Thalia.

Sould: Might I without offence intreate three things, I should be greatly bound.

Melp: VVe will not denie thee three things, that can participate to thee thousands.

Sould: Firft would I request of this Ladie, whether she write with this Estridge quill of purpose, or for want of other.

Tha: Somewhat for want, but especially of purpose : the men which now doe minister me matter to write, are nere of the nature of the Estridge : who hauing the bodie of a bird, hath the head of a beast : she is greedy, deuouring and disgesting al things, and builds hir neast in sand : so are my worldlings, bodied and feathered as birds to flie to heauen, but headed as beasts to imagine beastly thinges on earth : downe to the which their Camels necks doe draw their verie noses : greedy are they deuouring the Orphanes right, and disgesting the widdowes wrongs, Foolish, forgetful and froward, building their nest on sand, which the winde of heauens wrath or water of worldly affliction doth scatter and wash away. Thus art thou answered for the first, demaund the rest.

So: Next Ladies why doo you twaine stand idle, and let Thalia take the paine.

Mel: On geeres and gests the world is onely set,

550
For

The Coblers Propheſie.

For me there is no worke no tragicke ſcene,
Battailes are done, the people liue in reſt,
They ſhed no teares but are ſecure paſt meane.

Sould: VVhy lend you not Thalia then ſome pens?

Mel: My pens are too too ſharpe to fit hir ſtile.

I ſhall haue time to vſe them in a while.

Sould: But gentle Clio, me thinks your inke is dry.

Cleo: It may be well, I haue done writing I,

Sould: VVhat did you register when you did write?

Clio: The works of famous Kings, and ſacred Priests, 560
The honourable Acts of leaders braue,
The deeds of C odri, and Horatij.

The loue Licurgus bore to Spartans ſtate,
The liues of auncient Sages and their ſawes,
Their memorable works, their worthy lawes.

Now there is no ſuch thing for to indite
But toyes, that fits Thalia for to write.

Sould: A heauie tale good Lady you vnfold,
Are there no worthie things to write as were of old.

Cleo: Yes diuers Princes make good lawes, 570
But moſt men ouer ſlip them.
And diuers dying giue good gifts,
But their executors nip them.

Mel: Tiſiphone is ſtepping to the ſtage, and ſhe hath ſworne
to whip them.

Sou. The third and laſt thing I require is if you can:
ſhew me the mightie Mars his court.

Mel: VValk hence a flight ſhoot vp the hill,
And thou ſhalt ſee his caſtle wall.

Soul: Ladies the gifts that I can giue, 580
Is humbly thrice to thanke you all.

Exit.

Mel: Farewell pore ſouldier.

Clio: Thalia now wee are alone, tel vs what pageant twas you
cald for pens euen now ſo haſtely, to end?

Tha: Twas thus: *You know the Gods long ſince ſent downe,*
Pleaſure from heauen to comfort men on earth,

The Coblers Prophecie.

Pleasure abuzde in country Court and towne,
By speeches, gestures, and dishonest mirth,
Made humble fute that he to heauen might passe
Againe, from world where he so wronged was.
His fute obtaind, and ready he to clime,
Sorrow comes sneaking and performes his deede,
Snatches his Roabe, and euer since that time,
Tis paine that masks disguisde in pleasures weede.
The Pageant's thus, with cost and cunning trim,
That worldlings welcome Paine in steede of him.
Loath was I that vnpend one iote of this should goe,
Because I smile to see for weale, how sweetly men swill woe.

590

Melpo: Woe is the first word I must write, beginning where
you end.

600

I haue incke inough and pens good store.

Clio: Perhaps the world will mend.

Mel: I would it would.

Clio: VVhy if it should you faile in your account.

Thalia: Then you perhaps will haue some worke.

Clio: Tush come lets mount the Mount.

Exeunt.

Enter Raph Cobler *whooping.*

Sc. iv

Ra: VVaha how, wa how, holla how whoop: Did no body
see the mocking sprite, I am sure I haue followed her vp and
downe all this day crying and calling while my throat is hoarse
again. Ile coniure her too but tis in vaine, for knowledge hath
knockt that in the braine, but be it diuel or be it spright, Ile call
again to haue a fight. Ya ha how: Nay Ile call againe.

Enter Charon.

Charon: Againe, I and againe too, I trow,
VVhat night and day no rest but row?
Come if thou wilt goe ouer Styx,
For if thou stay a while I thinke,
There will come so many my boate will sinke,

Ra: Ouer stix I and ouer stones,
Heres a question for the nonce,
VVhy what art thou I pray thee tell?

620

VVhy

The Coblers Prophecie.

C: VVhy Charon Ferriman of hell.

Ra: VVhy what a diuel doo I with thee?

Three or foure vvithin: A boate, a boate, a boate.

C: Harke what a coile they keepe, come if thou wilt to hell with mee.

A small voice: A boate, a boate, a boate.

Ra: This should bee the voice of a woman, comes women thither too.

630

C: why men & women euery houre, I know not what to do.

A great voice: A Boate, a Boate, a Boate.

Ra: This should be the voice of some great man.

C: VVhy Popes and Prelates, Princes and Iudges more than I number can,

But the couetous misers they fret me to the gall,

I thinke they bring their money to hell,

For they way the diuel and all.

Ra: Mas and may well be, for theres little money stirring on the earth.

640

A voice hastilie: Charon a boate, a boate, Ile pay thee well for thy hire.

C: VVhy what art thou that makst such hast?

voice: The Ghost of a gray Frier.

So troubled with Nunnes as neuer Frier was,

Therefore good Charon let me be first,

That ouer the Foord shall pas.

C: Come firra, thou hearst what a calling they keep wilt thou goe?

Ra: VVhy Charon this calling makes thee mad I gesse,

650

VVhy I am no spirite but liuing Raph,

And God Markedie sends me of busines.

Ch: Tush, if thou be sent of God, we cannot hold thee farewel.

Enter Codrus.

Codr: Yet gentle Charon carrie mee?

Ch: Thee? VVhy what art thou, that liuing suest to go to hell?

Codrus: The wretchedst man of wretches most that in this wretched world doth dwell:

Dispisde,

The Coblers Propheſie.

Diſpiſde, diſdainde, ſtarude, whipt and ſcornd,
Preſt through diſpaire my ſelfe to quell,
I therefore couet to behold if greater torment be in hell :

660

All the voices, A bote, a bote, a bote.

Cha: I come, I come.

Rap: Nay I prethee let them tarrie and harken to the pore.

Cha: Codrus I cannot helpe thee now, and yet I wiſh thee wel,
Theres ſcarcelly roome enough for rich,
So that no pore can come to hell.

But when the ditch is digged downe as cleane as is the wall
That parted hel and purgatorie, then if thou chaunce to cal:

670

Becauſe I ſee as thou art pore thou art impatient,
To carry thee quickly vnto hell Codrus ile be content.

And now the time will not bee long, for thers commiſſion gone
For workemē, that haue power to make Elyſium & Limbo one,
And there are ſhipwrights ſent for too, to build me vp a bigger
A bote ſaid I? nay awhole hulke: (bote,

And that the ſame may ſafely ſtote,

Cocytus, Lethe, Phlegeton

Shal al be digged into Styx:

For where one wont to come to hell,

I tel thee now comes ſiue or fixe.

680

For ignorance that wont to be,

Is wilful blindnes now become.

So thou muſt come when roome is made,

I tel thee yet there is no roome.

Raph: I pre thee tel me one thing.

Ch: That I wil Raph whats the matter?

Rap: Charon why doth thy face looke ſo black, and thou uſe
ſomuch the water?

Cha: O, night was my mother, this is hir marke,
I cannot waſh it off. Codrus farewell.

690

Co: Charon Adieu.

Exit.

Ra: Boteſman?

Ch: Hagh.

Exit.

Ra: Theres a ſcoffe, thats a waterman indeed.

VVell

The Coblers Prophecie.

VVell I must to God Mars for all this,
I would I could meete my fouldier agen.

Exit.

Enter Emnius Courtier solus.

Sc. 2

Emn. Euen as the Eagle soares against the funne,
And spite of Phœbus shine, pries in his face :

Euen as the swordfish meetes the mighty VVhale,
And puts the hugie monster to disgrace,

700

So Emnius thoughts intending to aspire

Sore gainst the funne, and fleete in wrathfull yre :

The Duke the funne that dazles Emnius eyes,

The Duke the hugie VVhale that ouer-bears mee,

But I will gaze and blinde him too ere long,

And play the swordfish though he little feares mee.

The lesse suspected sooner shall I strike him,

And this my reason is for I mislike him.

His Daughter with inticing words is woone mine owne,

710

But I disdaine her were thee fairer farre :

Tush tis for rule I cast and Princely throne,

The state of Prince, brighter than brightest starre.

And who doth hinder Emnius but the Duke?

And therefore who should perish but the Duke?

Shortly a solemne hunting he intends,

And who but I is put in chiefest trust?

VVell Ile be trustie if my Pistol hold,

In loue and kingdomes *Ioue* will prooue vniust.

He dead, I wed his Heire and onely Daughter,

720

And so shall winne a Crowne by one mans slaughter.

Suppose he haue beene kinde, liberall and free,

VVhy I confesse it, but its my desire,

To be as able to bestow as hee,

And till I can my hart consumes in fire.

O foueraigne glory, chiefest earthly good,

A Crowne! to which who would not wade through blood.

Then ruthles of his life doo I resolute,

D

To

The Coblers Prophecie.

To wait my time till I haue wrought his end,
He dies, the Duke shall die, and Emnius raigne,
VVer he my father or a dearer friend.

730

Teares shall not hinder, praiers shall not intreate mee,
But in his throne by blood I soone will seate mee.

*Enter Souldier, Raph, Mars his lame Porter in rustie
armour, and a broken bill, the Herrald with
a pensill and colours.*

Sc. vi

Raph: Art thou one of God Mars his traine?
Alas good father thou art lame,
To be a souldier farre vnlustie,
Thy beard is gray thy armour rustie,
Thy bill I thinke be broken too.

740

Porter: Friend make not thou so much adoo,
My lamenes comes by warre,
My armours rustines comes by peace,
A maimed souldier made Mars his Porter,
Lo this am I: now questioning cease.

Raph: And what are you? A Painter with your pensill and
your colours braue?

Her: No Painter but a Herrald firrha to decipher a Gentle-
man from a knaue.

750

Raph: Pray fir, can yee Gentleman and knaue it both in one
man, and yee can fir, I pray you doo it in me.

Her: Indeed I cannot in thy selfe,
For all is knaue that is in thee.

Raph: Sing one two and three, sing after mee,
And so shall we right well agree.

Soul: Sir take no heed what he doth say,
His foolish humor you doo see,
But tell me pray are you a Herrald.

Her: I am.

760

Soul: I should haue rather tooke you to haue beene,
Appelles prentife, you were with colours so prouided.

In

The Coblers Prophecie.

In auntient times haue Heralds beene esteemd,
And held companions for the greateſt Kings.
Auguſtus Cæſar made a law, ſo did Antonius too,
That without Herralds graue aduice Princes ſhoulde noth ing
doo.

Her: VVell then was then, theſe times are as they be.
VVe now are faine to wait who growes to wealth,
And come to beare ſome office in a towne.
And we for money help them vnto Armes,
For what cannot the golden tempter doe?

770

Sould: A lamentable thing it is, but tell vs I intreate,
VVhere might we finde adored Mars.

Her: From hence fir you to Venus Court muſt paſſe,
Adowne the hill, the way is ſteepe, ſmooth, ſleeke as any glaſſe.
Goe by the dore of Dalliance, and if you there him miſ
Aſke Nicenes for ſhe beſt can tell where hir faire Lady is?
Both day and night the dores are ope,

The ſtrongeſt cloſet dore is but of fethers made,
Ruſh boldly in, ſtand not to aſke and neuer be aſtraide.

780

Soul. At Venus Court fir doe you ſay that Mars is to be found?

Por: Gentleman we haue told yee truth although vnto our
harts it be a wound,

For ſearching as wee bid you fir,
No doubt a wondrous hap,
But you ſhall finde God Mars a ſleepe,
On Lady Venus lap.

This one thing more, you cannot come
The way you thither paſſe:

790

Tis dangerous, the hills too ſteepe and flipperie all as glaſſe.
Take this of me, the faireſt way from Venus Court is beggerie.
There are more waies, but they are worſe and threaten more ex-
treamitie.

Her: I thats for ſuch as thither paſſe,
Of pleaſure and of will:
But theſe for other purpoſe goe,
Doubt therefore fir no ill.

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: I thanke you both that haue vs warned by your skill.

Ra: I and Ile end with a Prophecie for your good will:

800

You thinke it is a pleafant iest,
To tell the times of peace and rest,
But hee that liues to ninetie nine,
Into the hundreds fhall decline,
Then fhall they fpeake of a ftrange time:
For it will be a woondrous thing,
To fee a Carter lodge with a King.
Townes fhall be vnpeopled feene,
And markets made vpon the greene:
This will be as true I tell yee all,
As Coblers vse the thred and nall.
And fo becaufe that all men are but morter,
I leaue the paltrie Herrald and the Porter.

810

Soul: I pre thee come away, Gentlemen with thanks I take
my leaue.

Her: Adiew good fit.

Por: Farewell vnto you both.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Contempt and Venus.

Sc. vii

Con: Come Lady Loue, now bore we Mars, thou mine I thine
beloude.

820

Venus: Ah my Contempt it will be fpide too foone,
So fhall our pleafures haue a bitter end.
Prouide fome place for I am big with childe,
And cleane vndone if Mars my guilt efpie.

Cont: Sweet Venus be affurde, I haue that care
But you perchaunce will coylie fcorne the place.

Venus: What ift fome Abbie or a Munnerie?

Con: No they abound with much hypocrisie.

Ven: Is it a Gentlemans or a Farmers houle?

Con: Too much refort would there bewray your being.

830

Venus:

The Coblers Propheſie.

Ve. Some Huſbandmands, ſome Inne, ſome cleanly ale-houſe.

Con: Neither of theſe, a Spittle louely Loue.

Ven: What where foule Lazers and loathed Lepors lie,
Their ſtinke will chooke thy Venus and hir babe.

Cont: Why gentle Venus I intreat yee be not ouer nice,
What thinke ye as the Prouerb goes that beggers haue no lice?
Procters them felues in euerie Spittle houſe,
Haue things as neate, as men of more account.

Ven: But I haue ſeene euen verie meane mens wiues,
Againſt their child-birth ſo prouide for,
As all their huſbands wealth was ſcarce the worth
Of the fine linnin vſed in that month.
And ſhall not Venus be as kindelie vſde.

Con: It muſt be as we may, Ile goe prouided
And ſpie my time flylie to ſteale thee hence.

Exit.

Venus: Awaie for Mars is come,

Enter Mars.

Welcome God Mars, where hath my loue bin all this while?

Mars: Walking about th garden time for to beguile.
VVheras between niſenes your maide & newfangle your man, 850
I heard ſuch ſport as for your part, would you had bin there than.
Quoth nicenes to new fangle thou art ſuch a Iacke,
That thou deuifeſt fortie faſhions for my Ladies backe.
And thou quoth he art ſo poſſeſt with euerie fantike toy,
That following of my Ladies humor thou doſt make hir coy,
For once a day for faſhion ſake my Lady muſt be ſicke,
No meat but mutton or at moſt the pinion of a chicke,
To day hir owne haire beſt becomes which yellow is as gold,
A perriwigs better for to morrow, blacker to behod.
To day in pumps and cheuerill gloues, to walke ſhe wilbe bold. 860
To morrow cuſſes and countenance for feare of catching cold.
Now is ſhee barefaſt to be ſeene, ſtraight on hir muffler goes,
Now is ſhee hufft vp to the crowne, ſtraight nuſled to the noſe.
Theſe ſeuen yeares truſt me better ſport I heard not to my mind.
The Dialogue done, then downe came I my Lady Loue to finde.

Venus: And thou haſt found hir all alone, half ſickly by ill hap

The Coblers Prophecie.

Sit for a while Mars and lay thy head vpon my lap,
I see my folks behinde my backe haue much good talke of mee.

Mars: And so they haue.

Venus: They are too Idle: soft Mars doe you see, 870

Mars: I see some sawcie mates presse in: Nowe firs what
would you haue?

Sat Be not offended fir, we seeke God Mars.

Mars: VVhy and Mars haue you found fir, whats your will
with him?

Raph: Are you he I cry you mercie, I promise you I tooke you
for a morris dauncer you are so trim.

Mars: VVhat sayes the villaine?

Sa: If thou be Mars, the cause which makes me doubt, is that I see
thy bodie lapt in soft filke which was wont to bee clad in hard 880
steele, and thy head so childishlie laid on a womans lap. Pardon
I humbly beseech thee, the plainnes of thy poore seruant, and
vouchsafe to read my poore petition.

*He deliuers the petition, Mars takes and reads it, meane
while Venus speakes.*

Venus: Rough shaped souldier enemie to loue,
VVhy dost thou thirst so much for bloody warre,
wherein the strong man by a stronger queld,
Or reacht far off by dastard darters arme,
Breathes forth his spirite with a booteles cry, 890
Leauing behinde his earths anatomie:
By warre the Infant trampled vnder steeds,
Holds to his mother out his feeble hand,
And she is rauisht while hir yongling bleeds.
Yet to abide deaths stroake doth quaking stand.
The twice forst virgin like the wounded lambe,
Deiected at the mercie of the wolfe,
Holds vp hir throat in vaine to bloody men,
That will not kill hir while hir beautie stayeth,
But stab her when her teares her faire decayeth:
Away thou bloody man, vex not my Lord, 900
By warre true loue is hindred and vndone,

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And Ladies laps left emptie of their loues,
whose heads did beautifie their tender knees.

Raph: You need not plaine your laps full inough:

Sould: Faire Venus be propitious I will fight
To maintaine true loue and defend the right,

Venus: On that condition souldier I am won,
Receau this fauour, Mars let it be done.

Mars: Sateros, I haue receiued thy supplication, and sorrow 910
I cannot as I would giue thee immediat comfort. If I should
oppose my selfe against the Gods, they would soone set fire on
my feat, Sixe double vs there are, three at libertie, three impriso-
ned, and one their keeper: at libertie, wilines, wrong and wan-
tonnes, in prifon, are warre wreake and woe, their keeper is won-
der; who once giuing way to libertie for those he holds; shall set
thee and thy fellowes on worke: in meane time goe thou to the
Duke of Boœtia, commend vs to him, when he can he will im-
ploy thee I am sure, let that be thy answere for this time, and so
good Sateros be contented.

920

Sat: I humbly take my leaue adored Mars,
Proue a good night Rauen Venus I intreat.

Venus: Farewell pore souldier weare that for my sake.

Sa: Of both your Godheads dutious leaue I take.

Venus: And when goe you fir?

Rabb: VVho I? Good Lord there hangs a matter by.

Mars: why what are you? get gone or I will fend thee gone.

Raph: I pray you beare a while, gentle master mine,
And you shall heare my in speech I warrant?

Venus: Goe too fir foole, lets heare what you can say. 930

Raph: And shall I warrant yee to your cost my Lady do-little.

*Mars though thou be a Cocke of the game,
that wontst to croe by day,
And with thy sharpned spurres
the crauen Cockes didst kill and slay:
Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,
and make thy fethers gay;*

A

The Coblers Propheſie.

*A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
ſhall ſilie thee betray,*

*And tread thy Hen, and for a time
ſhall carrie her away.*

*And ſhe by him ſhall hatch a Chicke,
this Countrey to decay.*

*And for this pretie Pullets name
thou ſhalt the better learne :*

*When thou ſhalt onelie letters finde
within one name diſcerne,*

*Three vowels and two conſonants,
vvhich vowels if thou ſcan,*

*Doth ſound that vvhich to euerie place
conducteth euerie man.*

*Then call to minde this Prophecie,
for thats the baſtards name :*

*Then rouse thy ſelfe, then reach thy ſword,
and win thy wonted fame.*

Now haue I done the taſke for which I came,
And ſo farewell fine Maſter and nice Dame.

Exit.

Mars riſes in a rage, Venus offers to ſtaie him.

Mars: A dunghill cocke to tread my hen?
Breake forth yee hangrie powers,
And fill the world with bloodſhed and with rage.

Venus: My Lord, my Loue.

Mars: Venus I am abuſde.

Venus: VVhy will yee truſt a foole when he ſhall ſpeake,
And take his words to be as Oracles?

Mars: But hee hath tucht me neere, and Ile reuenge.

Venus: Aye mee!

Reuenge true Louers wrongs immortall powers,
And nere let Lady truſt a ſouldiet.

Make as if ſhee ſwounds.

VVhy

940

950

960

970

The Coblers Prophecie.

Mars. VVhy faintst thou Venus? why art thou distrest?
Looke vp my loue, speake Venus, speake to me.

Venus. Nay let me die, sith Mars hath wronged me.

Mars. Thou hast not wrongd me, Mars beleeuēs it not.

Venus. Yes, yes, bafe Coblers vtter Oracles,
And al are sooth fast words against pore Loue,

Mars. I will beleue no words, they are all false:
Onely my Venus is as bright as heauen,
And firmer than the poles that hold vp heauen.

Venus. Now comes your loue too late, first haue you flaine 980
Her whome your honny words cannot recure againe.

Mars. I will doe pennance on my knees to thee,
And beg a kisse, that haue bin so vnkinde,

Venus. And know you not, vnkindnes kills a woman?

Mars. I know it doth? sweet forgiue my fault:

Venus. I will forgiue ye now ye beg so hard,
But trust me next time Ile not be intreated.

Ma. Now hast thou cheard my drooping thoughts sweet loue,
Let me lay downe my head vpon thy knee,
Sing one sweet song, thy voice will rauish me. 990

Venus. Follie come forth.

Enter Follie.

Follie. Anone forsooth.

Venus. Bid Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance and the rest bring
forth their Musicke Mars intends to sleepe.

Follie. I will forsooth.

Exit Follie.

Mars. I thinke in deede that I shall quickly sleepe,
Especially with Musicke and with song.

*Enter Follie with a Fife, Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance, and
Iealozie vvith Instruments, they play vvhile Venus sings.* 1000

Sveet are the thoughts that harbor full content,

Delightfull be the ioyes that knowv no care:

The sleeps are sound that are from dreames exempt,

Yet in cheefe sveetes lies hid a secret snare,

E

Where

The Coblers Prophecie.

*Where loue is wacht by prying ielalous eyes,
It fits the loued to be warie wise.*

Follie: Peepe, peepe, Maddam he is a sleepe.

Enter Contempt, and kisse Venus.

*Sing: Sleepe on secure, let care not tuch thy hart,
Leaue to loue hir, that longs to liue in change,
So wantons deale, when they their faires impart
Rome thou abroad for I intend to range:*

1010

*Yet wantons learne to guide your rouling eies,
As no suspect by gazing may arise.*

Venus: Hold on your Musicke, Follie leaue thy play,
Come hither lay his head vpon thy knee.
Fie what a loathed load was he to me.
Come my Content, lets daunce about the place,
And mocke God Mars vnto his sleepeie face.

Con: Venus agreed, play vs a Galliard.

1020

*Musicke plaies, they daunce, and leap ouer Mars, and making
bornes at euerie turne, at length leaue him.*

Mars: Why fings not Venus? hir loue I to heare,
Sweet let the Fife be further from mine eare.

Follie holds still the Fife.

Nay let the Fife play, els the Musicke failes.

Follie plaies againe.

What still so nere my eare, sweet Venus sing.

Sing: where is the?

Out foole, what doos my head vpon thy knee?

1030

Follie: Forfooth my Mistris bid me.

Mars: Wheres Venus, speake ye ribalds, harlots, fooles,
And neuer speake againe except I see hir:

Mars is impatient, finde out Venus soone.

Exeunt duo.

Or perrish slaues, before my angrie wrath.

Follie: Nay a ladie, Follie will liue for all you.

Mars: Away yee foole, tell Venus of my rage.

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And bid hir come to Mars that now begins,
To doubt the Coblers Prophecie.

Exit Follie.

Enter Newfangle, and Dalliance.

1040

New: My Lord we cannot finde hir any where.

Mars: Hence villaines, seeke the garden, search each place,
Mars will not suffer such abhord disgrace.

Enter Follie.

Wheres Venus Follie, prethee tell me foole?

Follie: Forfooth shees lun away wid a man called Contempt.

Mars: What hath Contempt robd mightie Mars of loue?
Hence fooles and flatterers, flie you from my fight.

Mars with a kindled fire begins to burne,
Away yee hel hounds, Ministers of shame,
Vanish like smoke, for you are lighter farre,

1050

All runne away.

Gainst wantonnes proclaime I open warre.
Vnconstant women I accuse your sexe,
Of Follie, lightnes, trecherie and fraud,
You are the scum of ill, the scorne of good,
The plague of mankinde, and the wrath of heauen,
The cause of enuie, anger, murder, warre,
By you the peopled townes are deserts made:
The deserts fild with horror and distres.

1060

You laugh Hiena like, weepe as the Crocodile,
One ruine brings your sorrow and your smile,
Hold on in lighnes, lust hath kindled fire,
The trumpets clang and roaring noife of Drums,
Shall drowne the ecchoes of your weeping cries,
And powders smoke dim your enticing eyes.
These wanton ornaments for maskers fit,
Will Mars leaue off, and sute him selfe in steele,
And strumpet Venus with that vile Contempt.

The Coblers Prophecie.

I will purfue vnto the depth of hell. 1070
Away with pittie, welcome Ire and Rage,
VVhich nought but Venus ruine fhall affwage. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke, Sateros, the Scholler, and Raph Cobler, Sc. vi

Duke. Well doe I like your reasoning Gentlemen,
You for your learning, Sateros for Act,
The learned is preferre, the fouldier fhall not want,
But Sateros, yee muft forbear a while,
I cannot yet imploy ye as I would:
Meane time attend the Court you fhall haue pay
To my abillitie and your content. 1080

Sat: Thankes to your highnes.

Duke: Scholler lead him in.
Be kinde to him he is a fouldier.
Attend vpon vs to our hunting Sateros,
VVe muft haue pleafant warre anon with beafts.

Withdraw Sateros and Scholler.

Raph: VVhen will thefe fellows make an end.

Duk: Depart my frends, I haue a little bufines
VVith this pore man that doth attend to fpeak with me.

Exeunt Scholler and Sateros. 1090

Fellow what is it thou wilt now reueale?

Raph: You are the Duke of all this land,
And this I wifh yee vnderftand;
That Princes giue to many bred
VVhich wifh them shorter by the head.
You haue a Courtier Emnius namde,
whose flattering tongue hath many blamde.
He lowteth low doth fawne and kneele,
Your worthy meaning for to feele.

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And quaintly romes your person nie,
willing to see it fall and die.

1100

You haue a Daughter faire and trim,
He loueth her and she loues him.

Yet as the Fox doth win the Kid,
So are his secret treasons hid :

He dares not once his passions moue,
For feare your highnes should reprove.

Yet is it not your Daughter deare,
That he desires so faire and cleare :

He coueteth your dignitie,

1110

And therefore this intendeth hee.

To day you meane to hunt in wood,

And for he doth pretend no good :

He hath with shot intended ill,

And meanes your noble Grace to kill :

I that desire for to explaine,

The manner of your Graces paine.

Giue counsell ere the deed be done,

That you may al deceiuing shun :

I see that Emnius commeth nie,

1120

My protestation quickly trie.

And if you finde as I haue saide,

That you should be by him betraide :

Remember Raph the Cobling knaue,

You warning of this mischief gaue,

So leaue I you to search the slaue.

Exit

Enter Emnius the Courtier.

Emnius: My honorable Lord, the traine attends,
All things are readie for your highnes sport :
And I am sent from other of estate.

1130

To pray your Grace to hast your wonted presence.

Duke: Emnius they must attend a while,
For I haue secrets to impart with thee :

The Coblers Prophecie.

Emnius: Say on my Honorable Lord to me.

Duke: Thou knowst we must vnto the wood.

Emnius: True my most Gracious Lord.

Duke. Suppose there were a traitrous foe of mine,
VVhat wouldst thou doe to rid me from my feare?

Emnius: Dy on the traitor, and prepare his graue,
Before he should one thought of comfort haue.

1140

Duk: But tell me Emnius, didst thou see a tree,
That bore faire fruite delighting to the eye,
And by the straightnes of the trunke they grow too hie.
wouldst thou oppose thy selfe against the tree,
And worke the downefall ere the fall should be.

Emnius. I would regard no hight to claime the fruite
That should content me, but attempt to clime
The highest top of hight, or fall to death,
Alone and naked to obtaine my will.

Duke. I am right ioyous you are so resolute,
Such Courtiers should become a noble Prince.
But tell me Emnius had I any foe,
That secretly attempted my distresse,
what secret weapon haue yee to preuent?

1150

Emnius. Onely my sword my Lord, that is my rest,
My resolution to defend your Grace.

Duke: And haue you not a Dag to help me too.

Emnius: A Dag my Lord?

Duk: I man denie it not,
I know ye haue a Dag preperde for mee.

1160

Emn: I haue a Dag not for your Maiestie.

The Duke takes it from him.

Du: Yes Emnius poure thy selfe into thy selfe,
And let thy owne eies be thy harts true witnes.
wearst thou this Dag to iniure any beast?
Bearst thou these bullets for a foemans life?
Or art thou bent against thy loyall Lord,
To reauue his life that giues thee life and breath?

Em: Gainst beasts my Lord doth Emnius like to deale,
He is not so beaftlie and abhorminate,

1170

As

The Coblers Prophecie.

As he delights to ioy in trecherie,

Du. So smiles Hiena, when she will beguile,
And so with teares deceiues the Crocodile.
Are not these tooles prepared for my end?
Speake ill intending man, Ah Emnius?
Haue I for this maintained thy estate,
Affoorded all the fauours I could yeeld,
To be rewarded with ingratitude,
with murder, trecherie, and these attempts?
And all in hope to win my realme and childe.
I will not shew thy sinne vnto the world,
But as thou didst intend, so shalt thou fall.

1180

Emnius kneeles downe.

Receiue thy death, desertfull man of death,
And perrish all thy trecherous thoughts with thee.

Em: welcome my death, desertfull I confesse,
Heuens Pardon my intent, your highnes bleffe.

The Duke raises him vp.

Du: Heuens pardon thy intent, and so doe I,
Be true hereafter, now thou shalt not die.
Come follow vs Emnius, learne to know this lore,
Murder of meanest men brings shame, of Princes more.

1190

Exit.

Em: O that same Cobling Rogue that rauing runs,
And madding aimes at euerie hid intent,
Reueald this practise, but Ile stab the slaue,
And he once dead the Dukes death will I haue.

Exit.

Enter Mercurie vwith a Trumpet sounding, and two of Venus Sc. ix
vwaiting maids, the one named Ru, the other Ina, Ina bearing a
Child.

1200

Mer: Be it knowne vnto all people, that whereas Venus *alias*
lust, hath long challenged a preheminance in heauen, and been
adored with the name of a Goddesse, the Sinode of the Gods
being assembled, in regard of hir adulteries with Mars, discou-
red

The Coblers Propheſie.

red by Phœbus, when in the face of heauen, they hoth were taken in an yron net: wherein hir wrong to Vulcan was apparant; and ſince that, many other eſcapes conſidered. But laſtly and moſt eſpecially, her publike adulterie ſhe hath committed with that baſe monſter Contempt they haue all conſented, and to this decree firm'd; that no more ſhall Venus poſſeſſe the title of a 1210 Goddeſſe, but be vtterly excluded the compaſſe of heauen: and it ſhalbe taken as great indignitie to the Gods to giue Venus any other title than the deteſted name of luſt, or ſtrumpet Venus: And whoſoeuer ſhall adore Contempt or intertaine him, ſhalbe reputed an enemy to the Gods. More, it is decreed that warre ſhalbe rayſed againſt Boœtia, and victorie ſhall not fall on their ſide, till the Cabbin of Contempt be conſumde with fire. Giuen at Olimpus by Iupiter and the celeftiall Synode.

Ru: Ill tidings for my Lady theſe.

Ina: Ill newes pore babe for thee.

Mer: VVhat who are theſe?

I take yee to bee two of Venus virgins, are yee not?

Ru: Faith ſhe is a pure virgin indeed,
For the childe ſhe had by Venus chaplin,
Is a big boy and followes the Father.

Ina: And ſo are you a maide too, are ye not?
For the girle you had by Mars his Captaine,
Shees dead, and troubles not the Mother.

Mer: Then I perceiue ye be both maids for the moſt part.

Ru: well for our maidenheads it ſkill not much.
For in the world I know are many ſuch.

Ina: I Mercurie I pray let that goe,
wee are faire Venus maides, no more but ſo.
And in our Ladies cauſe we doe intreate
To know, if that be true thou didſt proclaime?
Or was it ſpoken but of pollicie,
To fright vs whome thou knewſt to be her maides.

Mer: As true as neither of you both are maides
So true it is, that I haue vttered.
The ſentence is ſet downe, Venus exile,

And

1240

1220

1230

The Coblers Prophecie.

Ina: Ay me poore babe for thee.

Mer: Whose child is that you beare so tenderly?

Ru: My Ladies child, begotten by contempt.

Mer: O is it so, and whether beare you it?

Ina: To nurse.

Mer: To whom?

Ru: Vnto securitie.

Mer: Is it a boy or girle, I praie ye tell?

Ina: A girle it is.

Mer: Who were the godmothers?

1250

Ru: We two are they.

Mer: Your names I craue.

Ru: Mine Ru and hers is Ina.

Mer: And whether name I praie yee beares the girle?

Ina: Both hers and mine.

Mer: And who is godfather?

Ru: Ingratitude that is likewise the grandfather.

Mer: Ruina otherwise called Ruine the child,

Contempt the father, Venus alias lust the mother,

Ru and Ina the godmothers,

1260

Ingratitude the Oodfather and grandfather,

And Securitie the nurse,

Heeres a brood that all Boœtia shall curse.

Well damfels hie you hence, for one is comming nigh

Will treade your yong one vnder foot.

Ina: Tis Mars, O let vs flie.

Exeunt.

Enter Mars in Armor.

Mar: Now Mars thou seemest lyke thy selfe,

Thy womens weeds cast off,

Which made thee be in heauen a scorne,

On earth a common scoffe.

1270

Mars. O Mercurie how am I bound to thee,
That blazeft forth this strumpets iust reproofe?

O could I finde the harlot or her broode,

F

I would

The Coblers Prophecie.

I would reuenge me of indignities:
Now Mercurie, I minde a prophecie
A simple fellow brought me on a day,
When wantonning vpon her knee I lay,
How that a crauen cocke should tread my hen,
And she should hatch a chicke this cuntry to decay, 1280
The bastards name he tolde me too,
But it was riddle-wife,
Helpe me to searck it Mercurie,
I know thee quicke and wise,
When I should onely in a word
Fieue letters iust discerne
Three vowels and two consonants,
The name I soone should learne:
But those same vowels hee dyd bid,
That I should duly scan, 1290
And they would signifie the way
That guideth euery man.

Hast thou not heard of such a thing?

Mer: Yes, and dyd send that prophecie,
And euen as thou camest hether
The bastard and the godmothers
Were in this place together.

Mar: Were they in deed, where are they now?
Ile searck, Ile follow them.

Mer: Be patient Mars, they will be quickly found, 1300
Ruina is the bastards name. R. N. the consonants,
V, I. and A. the vowels be, and *Via* is the waye.

Mars: Now haue I found it Mercury, thou hast resolud me
I wyll raise warre, I will aduenged bee,
Go with me Mercurie, thou my reuenge shalt see.

Mer: I will go and do my best for thee. *Eueunt.*

Enter the Duke, Scholler, Cobler.

Sc. x

Raph: Tis true ô Duke, that I do say,

He

The Coblers Propheſie.

He ſtill would make thy lyfe away,
He is too frolike and too luſtie,
Thou too ſimple and too truſtie,
Warres ſhall in thy lande begin,
For pride, contempt, and other ſin,
Nothing ſhall appeaſe heauens ire,
Til the cabin of Contẽpt be ſet on fire
And wantonnes with lewd deſire,
Be trampled vnder foot as mire,
The Cobler has no more to ſay,
But for the peoples finnes, good princes oft are tane away.

1310

Du: Well, Godamercie fellow, go thou in. *Ex. Raph.* 1320

Sch: He raues my Lord, its ill aduiſd of you
To ſuffer him ſo neere your princely excellence.

Du: His preſence breeds me no offence.

A cry within help, murther, mur-
ther, Raph comes running out,
Ennius after him with his dagger
drawen, after Ennius Zelota the
Coblers wife, who ſnatches the
dagger from Ennius, and runs ra-
uing.

1330

Ze: What Raph, Raph, ſo fine you wil not know your wife
What a gilden ſword and a ſiluer knife?

There, there Raph, put it vp.

She ſtabs Ennius, and he falls dead.

Why ſo?

She ſtands againe ſodainly amazde.

What ſo? Why where am I?

Raph: Faith where ye ha made a fayre peece of worke.

Du: Lay holde on them, what violence is this,
To haue one muredred euen before our preſence?

I 2

Sch: What

The Coblers Propheſie.

Sch: What cauſe haſt thou to kill this Gentleman? 1340

Zel: None in the world, I neuer knew him I.

Raph: No faith ſhees mad, & has beene euer ſince I was a prophet, and cauſe ſhe ſawe a dagger without a ſheath, ſhe euen put it vp in his belly.

Du: Why what acquaintance haſt thou with this womã?

Raph: O Lord ſir, ſhe has bin acquainted with me a great while, with mine eares, with euery part of me, why tis my wife.

Sch: The lykelyer may it like your grace of his conſent, Twere good they both did ſuffer puniſhment. 1350

Du: Commit them both, but ſhe has long bin mad, It may be heauen reſerud her to this end.

Sch: Come firra you and your wife muſt goe to ward, Till you be tride for cleerenes or conſent.

Raph: O ſir, whether you will I am content, God Merkedey has ferud me pretily, Has made my wife mad, and ſayd ſhee ſhould not be well, Till by her hand a traitor fell, And I muſt euen be hangd for companie.

Exeunt with the Cobler and his wife 1360
ſome beare out Ennius bodie.

Du: I doe not geſſe the woman guiltie of this crime, But the iuſt heauens in theyr ſeueritie, Haue wrought this wreake for Ennius trecherie.

Enter Scholler and Meſſenger.

Sch: Here is a meſſenger my gracious Lord, That brings ill tidings to your quiet ſtate.

Du: What are theyſelow, let vs heare theſpeak. Spare not

Meſſ: The Argiues and the men of Theſſaly, 1370
With mightie powers are come vpon your coaſt, They burne, waſt, ſpoyle, kill, murther, make no ſpare, Of feeble age, or harmleſſe infant youth, They vow to triumph in Bocetia, And make your Highnes vaſſall to their will, They threaten mightily, their power is mightie,

The

The Coblers Propheſie.

The people fall before them as the flowring graffe
The mower with his fyth cuts in the meade,
Helpe your poore people, and defend your ſtate,
Elſe you, they, it, will ſoone be ruinate.

Du: I will prouide as farre as heavenly powers, 1380
And our abilities ſhall giue conſents;
Ile to the temple and powre forth my prayers,
Meane while let Sateros be called for,
To muſter vp the people with all ſpeed, *Exit Duke.*

Scb: Now ſee I that this ſimple witted man,
This poore plaine Cobler truly did diuine,
The Gods when we reſuſe the common meanes
Sent by their oracles and learned prieſts,
Raiſe vp ſome man contemptible and vile,
In whom they breath the purenes of theyr ſpirits, 1390
And make him bolde to ſpeake and propheſie.

Enter Sateros the ſouldier.

Welcome friend Sateros, you are fitly come,
The Duke intends that you ſhall leade to field
The powers of Boætia gainſt his foes,
Are you prepar'd, and willingly reſolud?

Sat: Why you ſir by your pen can do as well
I know tis nothing but *Fac ſimile.*

Scb: Souldier, ſtand not on that, diſcharge your duetie,
The cuntry needs our ſeruice and our counſell, 1400
Ile doo my beſt, and do you your indeuor,
For publike quiet and Boætias honor.

Sat; Well I forget your ſcornes giuen me in peace,
And rate all enuie at an humble price,
Ile doe my dutie, doe not you neglect,
Armes will not Art, Art ſhould not armes reiect.

Scb: A bleſſed concord, I will to the Duke,
And leaue thee Sateros to thy glorious warre.

The Coblers Prophecie.

Enter hastily the Countrie Gentleman.

Count: O fir, I haue bin seeking ye all day,
And greatly do I praise my fortune thus to meete yee. 1410

Sat: In good time fir, be briefe I pray.

Count: You do remember me I hope.

Sat: Not verie well I promise ye.

Count: Lord fir, and you bee aduifde, I was one of them
that reasoned before contempt, when you defended war,
another arte, one the court, and I the countrie.

Sat: I remember in deede such a reasoning, before that
vile monster Contempt, but you I haue forgot.

Count: O Lord fir yes, by that token we went afterward 1420
to the Ordinarie.

Sat: True, true, now I call ye minde, by this token I was
not able to reache commons, and so was cashiered out of
your companie.

Count: Twas against my will Ifaith : ye sawe I was ano-
ther mans guest.

Sat: Its no great matter. But whats your busines wyth
me now, that you seeke for me so hastily?

Count: Marie fir there is warres toward, do ye not heare
on it? 1430

Sat: Thats to too sure.

Count: And I feare by reason of my wealth I shall bee
chosen for a Captaine ouer some Companies.

Sat: And what of that?

Count: Why I haue no skill, and therefore woulde hyre
you to serue in my place. Ile please ye well.

Sat: The Duke wantes men fir, and therefore must yee
serue your selfe, though not as a captaine, yet in a place fit-
ting your person. You offer me moneie, why man Ile deale
kindly with ye, ye shal haue some of me, here take it, be not 1440
nice. In the Dukes name I charge ye with horse and furni-
ture to be readie to morrow by breake of day, for the busi-
nes askes speed.

Count: Bu

The Coblers Prophecie.

Count: But I hope ye will not deale so with me?

Sat: But I am sure I will, therefore dispatch on perill of your life.

Count: Why what alife is this, that such as I must serue?
A shame on warres for me that ere they were. *Exit.*

Enter Raph and other prisoners with weapons.

Sat: Why now fellowes, what are you?

1450

Raph: What fouldier, do not you know me?

Sat: Yes Raph, but what are these?

Raph: Faith certaine pu-fellowes of mine, that haue bin mued vp, & now the exclamation goes we shal haue wars, we are all set at libertie, and sent to you to be traild vp.

Sat: Why wert in prison?

Raph: I faith I prophesied so long, that I had like to haue bin hangd. My wife kild the courtier man, that would haue kild me & the Duke to, but Ile be a prophet no longer thats flatte, after I haue done beeing a fouldier, Ile to cobling a-
gaine. 1460

Sat: So doest thou well: But fellowe tell mee why wert thou in.

Pri: Faith fir for nothing but riding another mans horse.

Sat: That was but a small matter.

Raph: A thing of nothing, for when he had stollen him, he were as good ride him as leade him in his hand.

Pri: Faith thats euen the truth on it.

Sat: I thinke you all haue bin of such condition,
But now betake you to another course,
The Duke hath giuen you life and libertie,
Where otherwise your deeds deserued death,
If now you doo offend vnder my charge,
Looke for no fauour but the martiall lawe,
Death on the next tree without all remission,
And if ye like not this I will returne yee

1470

From

The Coblers Prophecie.

From whence ye came to bide the doome of law,
Speake, will ye liue and ferue as true men should?

All: I, I, I.

Raph: I am sure ye take me for none of their uumber. 1480

Sat: No Raph, thou shalt be still with mee,
I haue an hoast of worthie souldiers
Readie to march, to them now will I goe,
Heauens and good fortune quell our furious foe.

Sound drums, *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Contempt, Venus following him, bee pushing her from Sc. xi
him twice or thrice.

Cont; Awaie thou strumpet, scandall of the world,
Cause of my sorrow, author of thy shame,
Follow me not, but wander where thou wilt, 1490
In vncouth places loathed of the light,
Fit shroude to hide thy lustfull bodie in,
Whose faire's distaind with foule adulterous sin.

Ven: Ah my Content, proue not so much vnkind,
To flie and leaue thy loue alone behind,
I will go with thee into hollow caues,
To desert to the dens of furious beasts,
I will descend with thee vnto the graue,
Looke on me loue let me some comfort haue.

Contempt still turnes from Venus.

1500

What not a word to comfort me in wo?
No looke to giue my dying heart some life?
Nothing but frownes, but lowres, but scornes, disdaines?
Woe to my pleasures that haue brought these paines.
Haue I for this set light the God of warre,
Against whose frownes nor death nor heauen can stande,
Haue I for this procurde the angrie Gods
To make me exile from all blessednes.
Haue I for this lost honor and renowme,
Become a scandall to the vulgar world,

1510

The Coblers Prophecie.

And thus to be repaide? Ah breake my hart,
Had all these euils false vpon my head,
And millions of more harmes than heauen could heap,
Yet all were nothing, had not my Content,
Rewarded me thus vile with Contempt.

Con: Shape of collusion, mirrour of deceit,
Faile forme with foule deformities defilde.
Know that I am Contempt in nature scornfull,
Foe to thy good, and fatall to thy life:
That while I ioyde in glorie and account,
Disdainde all vertue, and contemnd all vice.
Good, bad, were held with me of equall price.
And now the waning of my greatnesse comes,
Occasioned by thy loue, whome Mars affected,
And I that all despisde am now reiected.
For which I thee reiect, disdainde and hate,
VVishing thee die a death disconsolate.

1520

Venus: Yet once regard me as a thing regardless,
Thou art the abjects wretch aliue esteemed,
I worse than vilenes in the world am deemed:
I scorned, thou hated, each like other beeing,
Liue we together void of other being.

1530

Con: Lightnes of lightest things that vaunt of life,
Sprung from the froathie bubbles of the sea:
Leaue to sollicit him that loathes thy lookes,
Spitting vpon thy faces painted pride
I will forsake thee, and in silence shrowd
This loathed trunke despised and abhord,

Exit.

She offers to follow, he driues hir backe.

Venus: So flies the murderer from the mangled lims,
Left limles on the ground by his fell hand.
So runnes the Tyger from the bloodles pray,
VVhich when his fell stomacke is of hunger stancht.
Thou murdrer, Tyger, glutted with my faire,

1540

G

Leaust

The Coblers Prophecie.

Leaust me forsaken, map of grieve and care.
O what is beauty humbled to the base,
That neuer had a care of ciuill thought?
O what is fauor in an obscure place?
Like vnto Pearles that for the swine are bought:
Beauty and fauor where no vertue bides,
Proues foule, deformd, and like a shadow glides.
Ah that my woe could other women warne,
To loue true wedlocke or the virgins life:
For me too late, for them fit time to learne,
The honour of a maid and constant wife,
One is adorde by Gods with holy rites,
The last like Lampes both earth and heauen lights.
But the foule horror of a harlots name,
Euen of the Lecher counted as a scone:
VVhose forehead beares the marke of hatefull shame,
Of the lust-louer hated and forlorne.
O such is Venus, so shall all such bee
As vse base lust, and foule adulterie. *Exit.*

1550

1560

*Enter the Duke, his Daughter, Priest, and Scholler: then
compassse the stage, from one part let a smoke arise:
at which place they all stay.* *Sc. xii*

Pri: Immortall mouer of this glorious frame,
That circles vs about with wonder great,
Receiue the offrings of our humble harts
And bodies prostrate on the lowly earth.

1570

They all kneele downe.
Our sinnes hath drawne the furie of thy wrath,
And turnd our peace to miserie and warre:
But if repentant foules may purchase grace,
VVe craue it humbly, and intend to liue,
Hereafter more reformd than wee haue done.
For pride, we entertaine humilitie:
For our presumption, due obedience:

Loue

The Coblers Propheſie.

Loue for Contempt, and chaſtitie for luſt:
The Cabbin of Contempt doth burne with fire,
In which our finnes are caſt, and there conſume.
Heare vs yee heauenly powers, helpe we require,
And be propitious to the penitent.

1580

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen: Riſe from the humble earth my Noble Lord,
Riſe vp yee Priests, Princes, and people riſe,
And heare the gladſome tidings I vnfold,
Of happy peace and glorious victorie.

They all riſe and caſt incenſe into the fire.

Duke: For that ſweete voice offerd to vs by man,
Caſt ſweeteſt incenſe into holy fires,
And while they burne, tell on thy happy newes,
That wee may heare and honour heauenly Powers.

1590

Meſſen: VVhen Sateros my Lord had brought your power,
In view of our preſuming enemies:

And equall place was choſen for the field,
He ſent a Herrald, willing them reſtore,
The wrongs that in Boætia they had done,
And leaue the Countrey, turning to their home,
Or els reſolue on doubtfull chance of warre.

1600

They proud, ambitious, couetous of gaine,
Returnd an anſwere filled with diſdaine.
Then was the ſignall giuen, and ſtremars red,
Menacing blood on either ſide aduancede.
Drums, Fifes, and Trumpets drownd the cries of men,
That ech where fell before their Foe-mens ſwords.

Mars there ſhowd ruthles rage on either part,
And murder ranged thorow euery ranke.
Duſt dimd the ſunnes light, and the powders ſmoke,
Seemd like thicke Clowds in ayre conglomerate.

1610

Thus was ſeauen houres conſumde, and doubtfull chaunce
Sometime with vs, ſometime with them abode:
Till at the length our Generall gaue charge
To ſound retreat, which made the hopefull Foe,

The Coblers Propheſie.

Purſue regardleſſe our retyring bands,
That being knit together in firme ranke,
Afreſh purſude their ſtragling followers.
Then fell their glory like the ripened corne,
Before the Cickle and the Reapers hand:
In brieſe, ſome fled, moſt ſlaine, and many taken
Haue left the honour to Boætia.

Duke: To heauens and Sateros returne we thanks,
For thy reward receiue this recompence:

The Duke giues him his upper garment.

Our ſelues will forward to ſalute our friends,
That fought for honour of Boætia.
Sound Drum and Trumpet notes triumphantly,
Heauens haue the honour for this victorie.

Exeunt.

*Enter with Drum and Trumpet Sateros lead betweene Mars
and Mercurie, Raph Cobler and his wife following,
and other ſouldiers.*

Mars: Thus Sateros haue we aſſiſted thee,
Our true ſworne ſouldier, worthy man at Armes,
And the Boætian Duke hath heauen appeaſde,
By firing falſe Contempt and loathed luſt.
Mercurie the ſonne and meſſenger of Ioue
VVith me ſhall paſſe vnto my warlike houſe.
Goe thou vnto the Duke with all thy traine,
That longs to ſee thee, and requite thy paine.

Sat: To mighty Mars and wary Mercurie
Poore Sateros giues thanks and vowes his duety.

Raph: Are yee here yfaith? heres two on yee,
Raph Cobler may curſe the time that he ere knew your cõpany.

Mer: VVhat mine man?

Raph: I yours, what reaſon had you to make my wife mad?
I and ſo mad to kill one? and then make me a Prophet?

Mer: It was the ſecret iudgement of the Gods, Sateros ſpeak
to the Duke to thinke on him, and to remit hir fault.

Sateros

The Coblers Prophecie.

Sat: It shall be done.

Mars: Is this the Prophet?

1650

Raph: I that it is, that told you your owne when twas.

Mars: Sateros vse him well.

Raph: Nere doubt you that: are yee bemembred since ye told him, if ye fet your selfe against the Gods they would driue you out of heauen.

Mars: VVell what of that?

Raph: Faith at that time the world might well haue afforded you a Cart to ride in.

Sat: Go too Raph, cease.

Raph: I, I, and great folke doo amisse,
Poore folke must hold their peace.

1660

Mer: Mars shall we hence?

Mars: I, farewell Sateros. *Exeunt Mars and Mercurie.*

Enter with honour the Duke and his traine.

Duke: VVelcome braue fouldier, welcome to you all,
Ioy stops my words, I cannot speake my minde,
But in this triumph passe we to the Court,
VVhere you shall all receiue your due deserts.

Sat: Thanks Noble Lord.

Raph: VVhat shall I doo then, and my wife?

1670

Duke: I will prouide for thee, and pardon her.

Raph: Faith then farewell the Court;

For now Ile not run and ride, nor no more abide,
But since my mad wife, has changde her mad life,
Ile euen leaue to be a Prophet speaker,
Take clouting leather and naule, and fall to my old trade of the
gentle craft the Cobler.

Zelot: I Raph that will be fittest for vs.

Duke: Come Sateros let me yet honour thee,
To whom the heauens haue giuen great victorie,
And tooke in worth our worthles sacrifice,
VVherein Contempt and Lust with old ingratitude,

1680

The Coblers Prophecie.

Haue perished like Fume that flies from fire.
March forward braue and worthy man at Armes,
Thy deedes shall be rewarded worthily:
Embrace the Scholler, liue you two as friends,
For Armes and Learning may not be at iarre,
Counsell preuents, counsell preuailles in warre.

Sat: My thoughts are free from hate, let me not liue,
VVhen souldiers faile good Letters to defend.

1690

Sch: Let every Scholler be a Souldiers friend,
As I am friend to thee and so will rest.

Raph: I so liue, and yee are blest.
How faist thou Zelote is not that life best.

Duke: Then with due praise to heauen let vs depart,
Our State supported both by Armes and Art.

Exeunt.

Fortuna Crudelis.

FINIS:



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